

# Bright Future

Johnny Booth

I got a bright future, I got some bad habits  
You want a blood red street, well you can fucking have it  
I haven't seen the end but we all heard it before  
Put on your Sunday best and give me four on the floor  
I've already beat the odds right down your throat

When your mouth got in the way  
Spinning that bullshit into something we believed  
Can't take it back, damage is done  
And I'll look the other way  
Just to see it's the same  
Don't you dare speak my name

The words are at my back, the air is getting thin  
I'm where the culture ends, you're where the panic begins  
Don't ask for me to clear the fear, I'm already gone  
Sit right there, you're nothing, keep doing nothing  
I spent lifetimes slowly dragging your dead weight

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Poisonletter, dig no deeper  
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